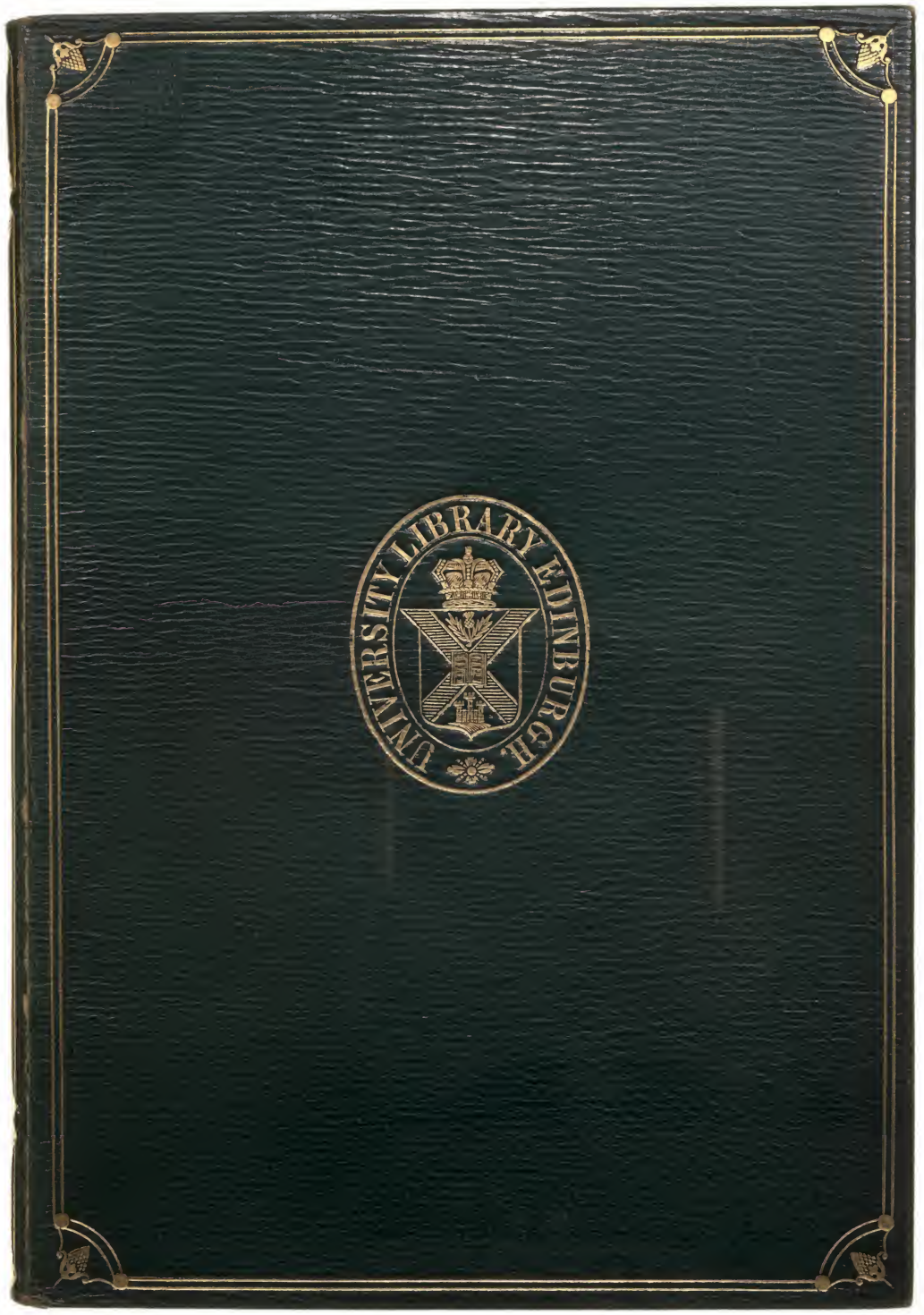
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THE HISTORIE OF Henry the Fourth:

VVith the battell at *Shrewesbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur of the North.*

With the humorous conceits of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

Newly corrected,

By *William Shake-speare.*

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LONDON,
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The Hiſtory of
Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, Earle of *Weſtmerland*, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoyle,
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens blood;
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butchery,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and bee no more oppoſ'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now, vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs;
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

Which 1400. yeeres agoe were nail'd,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.

Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euery valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertane of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Water Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeate of ours;
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood, did ſir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoners *Hotſpur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Athole*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Couſin, is it not? In fayth it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt mee ſinne
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue,
Amongſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the prayſe of him,
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet,
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and hee mine:
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you, Cuz,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Priſoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurprizde,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word,
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Vnkles teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Maleuolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your dignity.

King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.

Couſin,

Couſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell wee will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying Bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now, mad wagge, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prince. Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vſd my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſed it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus ſnubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore-

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*; 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes,*

Poy. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall.* What ſayes *Monſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prince. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbs: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had beene damn'd for coozening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: *Gads-Hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheape*; wee may do it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Heare yee, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. Hall, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theeſe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſty, man-hood, nor good fellowſhip in thee; nor thou camſt not of the blood royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies Ile bee a mad-cap.

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the Prince and me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt may moue, and what he heares may be beleeued, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theef; for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſtcheap.*

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewell Alhallown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſſill*, and *Gads-Hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I will not be there; and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prince.

Prince. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but weele ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will bee too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat Rogue wil tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of theſe, lies the ieſt.

Prince. Wel, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete mee to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup: farewill.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmoother vp his beauty from the world,
That when hee pleaſe againe to bee himſelfe,
Being wanted, hee may bee more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would bee as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for, come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shal ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather bee my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle; ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to bee vſed on it,
And that ſame greaneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue hope to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I doe ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſty might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruants brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we neede
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

Nor. Yea my good Lord,
Thoſe priſoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Where as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denide,
As he deliuered to your Maieſty,
Eyther enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault and not my ſonne.

Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome; and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held
A pouncet box, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popinjay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or hee ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting-Gentle-woman,
Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke;
And telling me the ſoueraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue beene himſelfe a Souldier.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſayd)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord;
What er'e *Harry Piercy* then had ſayd
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place:
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſayd, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why, yet hee doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married: ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traytor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues,
No, on the barren Mountaine let him ſtarue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle *Seuernes* ſiedgy banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuernes* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him, *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let mee not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from mee,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while
Here comes your Vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all thoſe veines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face hee turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not hee proclaym'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?
Nor. Hee was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence hee intercepted, did returne
To bee depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, wee in the worlds wide mouth,
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken off.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?
Nor. Hee did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it bee, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it bee
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame bee ſpoken in theſe daies,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame bee further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, from whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-went?

No;

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt hee owes to you,
Euen with the bloody paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret Booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Currant roring lowd
On the vnſteadfull footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rouze a Lion, then to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heauen, mee thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. Hee apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the forme of what hee ſhould attend;
Good Couſin giue mee audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God hee ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, hee ſhall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſayd he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when hee lies aſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, ile haue a Starling ſhall bee taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Heare you, Couſin, a word.

Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinſman, ile talke to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waſp-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Gloſterſhire*;
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnkle kept,
His vnkle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from *Rauenſpurgh*.

Nor. At *Barkely* Caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true.
Why what a candy deale of courteſie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Couſin:

O, the Diuell take ſuch coozeners, God forgiue me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scrope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does: hee does; weele bee reueng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will bee ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee ſhort,
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point, poore Iade is wrung in the Withers out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to bee the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is ne're a King chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt cock.
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iordaine, and then we leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breedes Fleas like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two raſes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtarued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, and 'twere not as good a deed as drinke,

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morow *Carriers*. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it bee two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend mee thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanterne (quoth he.) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen: they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine?*

Cham. At hand, quoth Picke-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand, qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou varyest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint *Nicholas*, as truely as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to mee of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowst hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

other Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will she hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cockesure; wee haue the receit of Ferneseed, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooned *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

Prince. Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Fals. *Poines*, *Poines*, and bee hangd, *Poines*.

Prince. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

Fals. What *Poines*? *Hall*?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the Hill, Ile go seek him.

Fals. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but 4. foot by the squire further afoot, I shall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company hourely any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am be-witcht

witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else. I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and 'twere not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horse, you rogues, Giue mee my Horse, and bee hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to coltmee thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I bee your Ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe against my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ey; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fals. To bee hanged.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane. *Ned Poines* and I will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Pawnch*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poy. Heere hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man bee his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs, youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no, ye fat chuffes. I would your store were heere: on Bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand Iurors, are ye? weele iure you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Poy. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come, my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wild Ducke.

Prince.

Prin. Your money. *Poyn.* Villaines. *As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set vpon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two, runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly, that they dare not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweats to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roard! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our house. Let mee see some more.

The purpose you vndertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you named vncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vncle, and my selfe, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascall is this and Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,
And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath.
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser-

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth ile know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer mee directly vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler, loue; I loue thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue the infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe: nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you, gentle *Kate*:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where haſt beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humility. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courteſie*, and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they call mee) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wert not with mee in this action: but ſweet *Ned*: to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder-skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then 8 ſhillings and 6. pence, and *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon ſir, Skore a pint of Baſtard in the Half moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may bee nothing, but Anon: ſtep aſide, and ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect. *Poines. Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*,

 Prince.

Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince, How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to ——

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeeres: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou bee ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let mee ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall bee.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*?

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling? looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: *Poines.*

Poines. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, *Francis?*

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prince. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percyes* minde, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want work, O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhee! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke, Boy. E're I leade this life long, ile ſow nether-ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prince, Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pitifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prince. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prin ce of *Wales*.

Prin. Why, you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer mee to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thouſand pound I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of ſacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſſ. We foure ſet vpon a dozen.

Falſ. Sixteene at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſ. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a *Iew* elſe, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Roſſ. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. or 7. freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſ. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two-leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom ſuites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call mee Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at mee.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaidſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; hee ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Pretheelet him alone, wee ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare mee, *Hall*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

Falſ.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile bee no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylors yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tried thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you frō your prize, and haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant ſhame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you maſters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter* Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ranaway vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

Prince. Faith, tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Poto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a Welſh hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower*!

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scottes, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good metall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why; what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſprite *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt bee horribly chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practiſe an anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace bee not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* veine.

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene; For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompained: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinon; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſeme, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gruely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a powiters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ. And heere I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My Noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Sweareſt thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a Diuell haunts in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion; why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtufft Cloake-bag of gutts, hat roſted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is damn'd; if to bee fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poines*, but

for

for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe* true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieſe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone bee ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300 markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read them.

Item a Capon	ii.s.ii.d
Item ſawce	iiii.d
Item Sacke, two gallons	v.s.viii.d
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper	ii.s.vii.d
Item bread	ob

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, weele read it at more aduantage, there let him ſleepe till day, Ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will bee a match of twelue ſcore; the money ſhall bee payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

And our iuduction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Couſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And Vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer been borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuity:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Couſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans ſenne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better *Welſh*.
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deepe.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, couſin, to command the Diuel.

Hot. And I can teach thee, couſin, to ſhame the Diuell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingrooke* made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue I ſent him
Bootleſſe home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All Weſtward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

And our indentures tripatite are drawne,
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meete your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appoynted vs; at *Shrewsbury*:
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe fourteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the current in this place dam'd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new chanuell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor Yea, but marke how hee beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much as on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will doe it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altered.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in *Welſh*.
Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained vp in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers
I had rather heare a brazen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axel-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come, you ſhall haue *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I doe not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee:
Ile cauil on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall wee be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night;
Ile haſte the writer, and withall
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhee doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*
Mor. Fie, couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my father!
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon, and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names,

That

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed.
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father, tell her, that ſhee, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhee anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperate heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a *Summers* bower,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhee will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harueſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke bee drawne.

Glen. Do ſo: and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall bee here, ſit and attend.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy gooſe.
The Muſicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceiue the Diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is ſo humorous,
By'rlady hee is a good muſician.
Lady. Then would you bee nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humors;
Lie ſtil, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then bee ſtill.
Hot. Neither, tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhee ſings.
Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.
Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend mee, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch farcenet ſurety ſaor thy othes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when yee will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As Hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince* of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently haue need of you *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heauen,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall;
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe needs muſt heare,
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupplide;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? Which is *Bullingbrook?*
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name profhaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries.
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote:
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right.
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing armes.
What neuer-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Douglas?* whoſe high deedes,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in Armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Maiority,
And military title capitall,

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwaide
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from mee:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood;
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meete;
For euery honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That hee ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſlightſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraine truſt herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebles met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes bee kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old *Laies* looſe gowne. I am withered like an olde apple *Iohn*. Well, ile repent, and that ſodainely, while I am in ſome

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the spoyle of mee.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentlman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beares the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*: I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkenesse. When thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chanders in *Europ*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostesse, *Bardolfe* was shau'd, and lost many a haires and Ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*: I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money, *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money here besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Jacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore ifaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't; this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeiece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt Say, what beaſt, thou knaue, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee most groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and ſayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be feared, as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all fild vp with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peni-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hal*? Thou knowſt, in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confeſſe then you pickt my (pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakefaſt, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſts, thou ſhalt finde me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.*

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that anſwered?

Prin.

Prin. O my sweete beefe, I must still be good *Angell* to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or thereabout; I am horribly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayse them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hostesse*, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this seasons stampt,
Should goe so generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you there? I can but thanke you.

Mes. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leisure to bee sicke
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

Mes. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee keepe his bed?

Mes. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure hence,
Hee was much feard by his Phisicion.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bin whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne:
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our States,
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein should we read

The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dowg. Fayth, and ſo wee ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what 'tis to come in,
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been heere:
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue learned,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall bee welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like Eſtriges, that with the winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young Buls:
I ſaw young, *Harry*, with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in March.
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come: let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the boſome of the *Prince of Wales*:

Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fortie let it bee.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewel. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe mee none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had ben askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieſe heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt mee none but ſuch Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes. Ile not march thorow *Couentry* with them, that's flat, nay; and the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albanes*, or the red-noſe In-keeper of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

Weſt. Fayth, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell mee, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food

forpowder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that. And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long,

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not bee.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes hee not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;

Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-reſpected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counſell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day liues:

Let it bee ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,

That you foreſee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe

Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,

And now their pride and metall is aſleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of him himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,

In generall iourney bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:

For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,

If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome

Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,

Becauſe you are not of our quality,

But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo.

So long as out of limit and true-rule,

You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſty:

But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know

The nature of your griefes, and whereupon

You coniure from the breſt of ciuill peace,

Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Haue any way your good deſerts forgot,

Which he confeſſeth to bee manifold,

He bids you name your griefe, and with all ſpeed,

You ſhall haue your deſire with intereſt,

And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,

Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King

Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:

My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,

Did giue him that ſame royalty hee weares,

And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,

Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

A

A poore vnminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauy on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to bee ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap mee by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Councell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my father frow the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwere to the *King*?
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw awhile:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſurety for the ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning earely ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace & loue.
Hot. And 't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,

And

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by propheſies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you needenot feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Corriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill! the day lookes pale
As his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiued our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of peace,
To cruſh our old vneaſie limbs in vngentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? wil you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaſter*:
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe, Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the vnluckie *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from his ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to bee quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
Wee were inforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkinde vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Swore to vs in your younger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeede you haue articulate,
Proclaym'd at Market croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation:
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor muddy Beggers, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In praiſe of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterprize ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to Chiualrie,
And ſo I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſtie,
I am content that hee ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will to ſaue the bloud on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

King. And, *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Doe make againſt it: No, good *Worceſter*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen thoſe wee loue,
That are miſled vpon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
Shall bee my friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What hee will doe. But if hee will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gone:
Wee will not now bee troubled with reply,
Wee offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt. Manent*
Fal. Hal. If thou ſee me downe in the Battel. *Prin. Fal.*
And beſtride me ſo, tis a point of friendſhip,
Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all wel.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can, Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt hee did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke ful of eyes,
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will a haue wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpreation will miſquote our lookes,
And wee ſhal feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may bee wel forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouernd by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay ſo. Here comes your Couſin.

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo. *Exit Dowg.*

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willingly.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that, he is foreſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of Wales ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, *and* Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotſpur.
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſſe lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas?* No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and away.
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot heere; heere's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanity.

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: ther's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd, I pre thee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pre thee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day; I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I pre thee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way; ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of mee. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *and* Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I pre thee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. *Iohn* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will doe ſo: my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaynd Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. Wee breathe too long, come couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on mee ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dowg. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt it thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou bee:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but hee meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nichlas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,

Thou

Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.
Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey* *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphear,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*
Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the word my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life, times fooſe,
And Time that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for
Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy.* Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd Ambition: how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares thee dead?
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale;
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke*, farewell;
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man;
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falſtaffe riſeth vp.

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow. Zloud, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had payd mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to bee a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

 thereby

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure; yea and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not hee riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue wee heere?
Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, wee will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prince. VVhy, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happieſt termes I haue.

A retreate is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow, as they ſay, for reward: He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, ile grow leſſe: for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely, as a Nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince *of* Wales, *Lord* Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* VVeſtmerland, *with* VVorceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and termes of loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince. The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his men,
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bountie ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure ranſomeleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deedes,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines that we diuide our Power:
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deareſt ſpeede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

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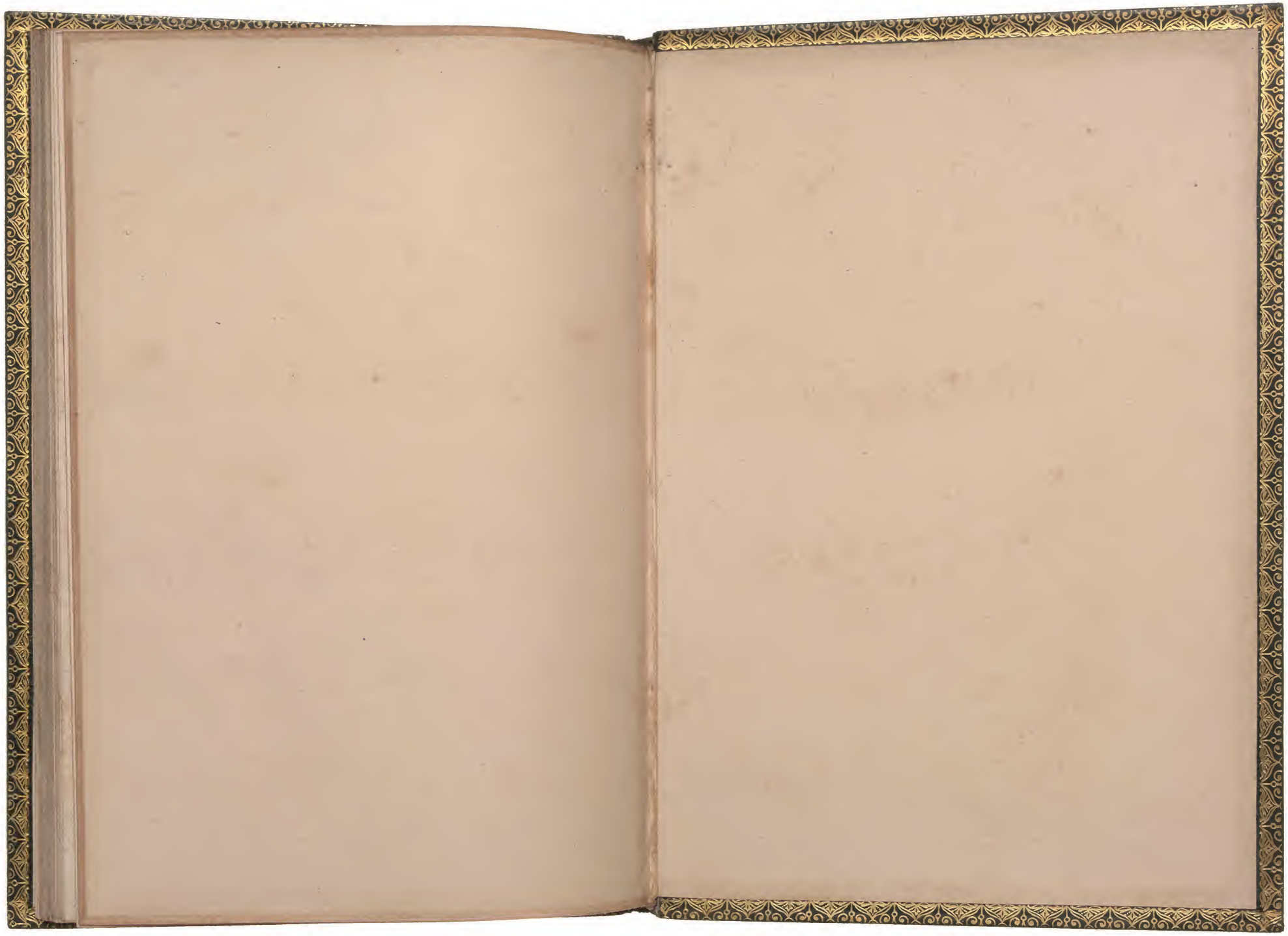

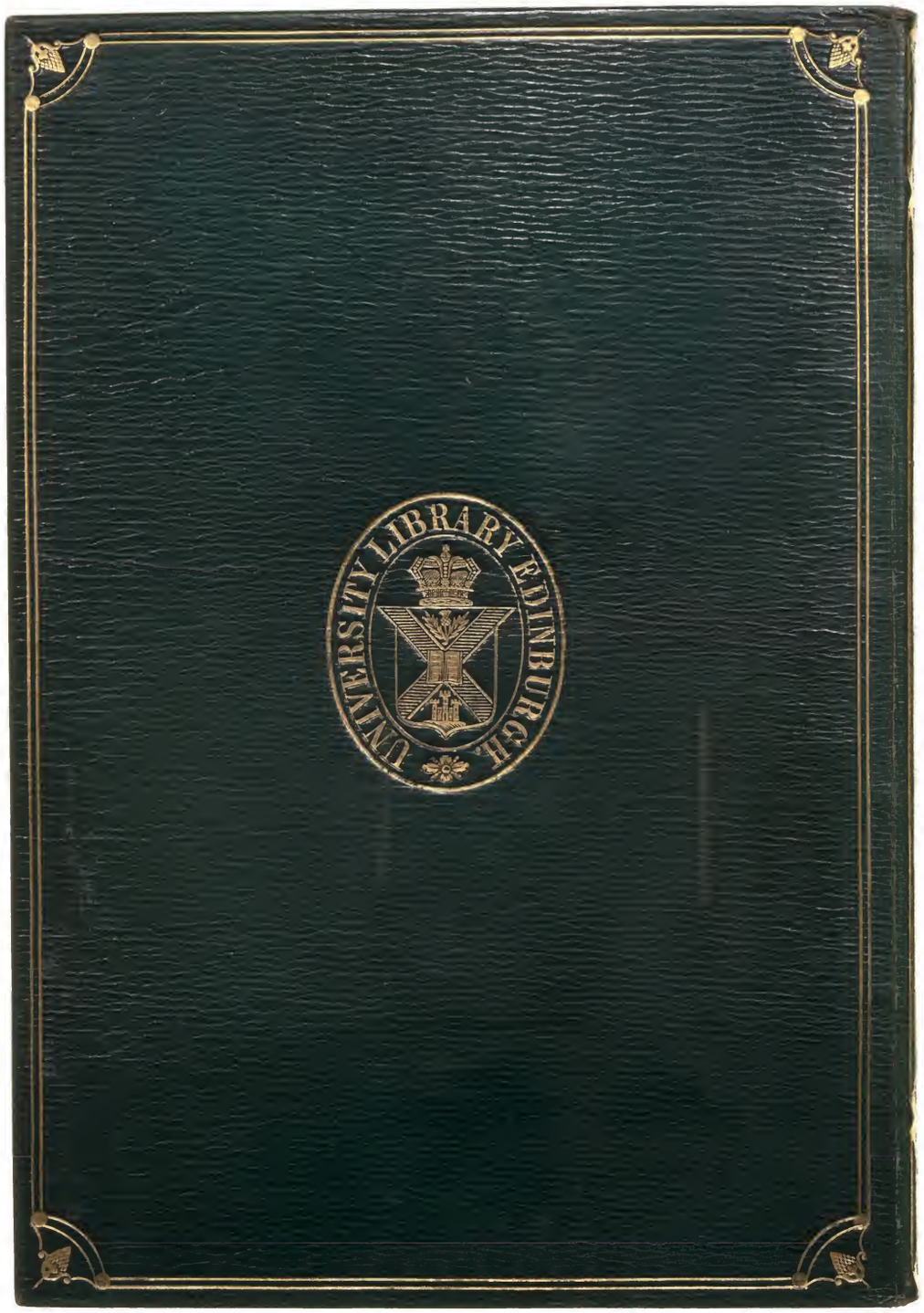
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